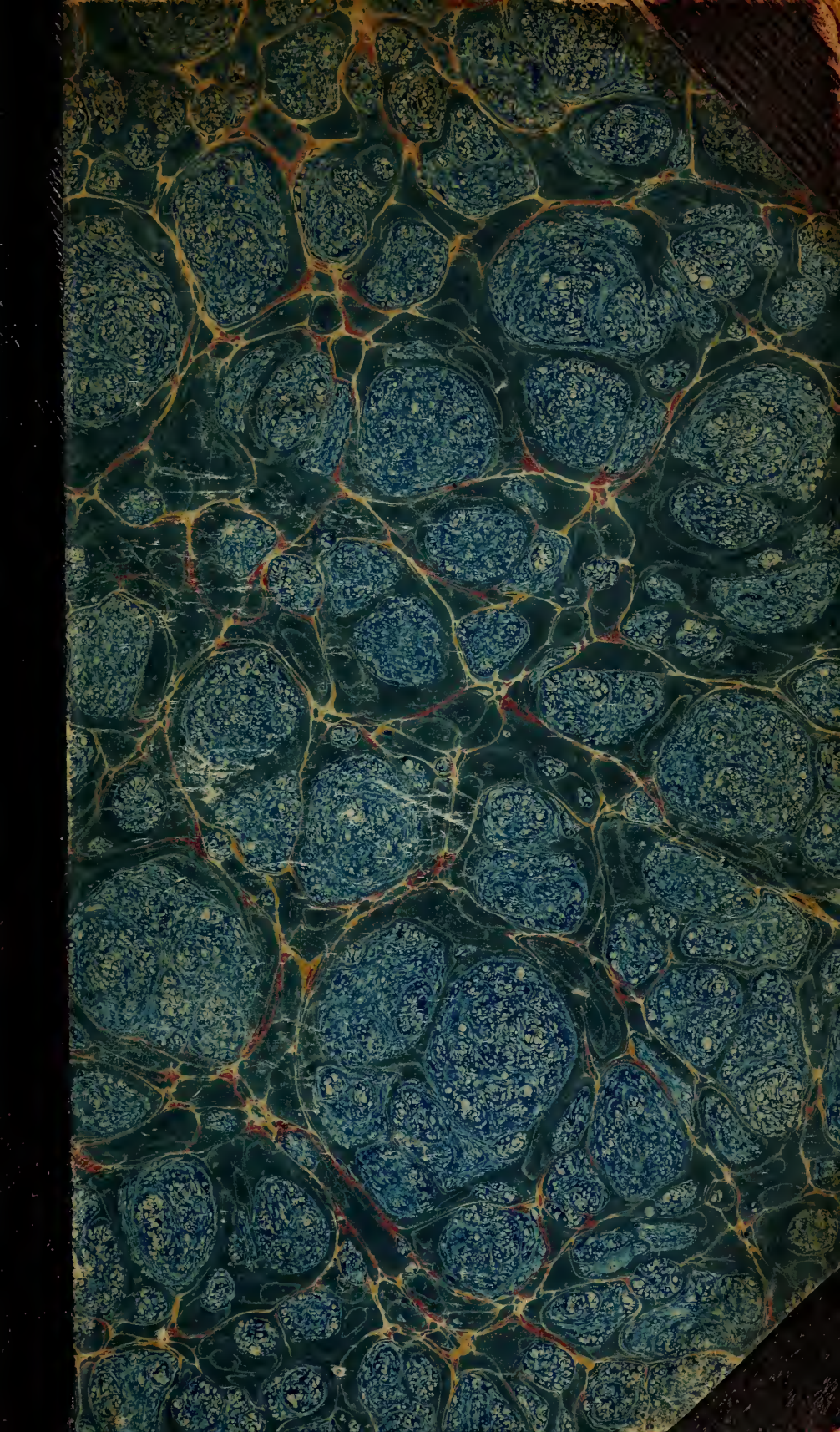






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REPLY

TO THE

EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

1834

BY THE

Author of "the Resources of Russia," &c.

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REPLY TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

VARIOUS reasons urge me, against my original intention, and much against my wishes to offer to the impartial public, some remarks in reply to the Edinburgh Reviewers, who, in reviewing my work, "The Resources of Russia," have, at length, condescended to place me on their list of proscription; a condescension, which I should deem highly flattering to me, were it not for the extreme prodigality with which they multiply their favours, and thereby render less valuable, and less to be envied, the honour and distinction thus conferred.

When first I heard of the awful summons being issued, to drag me forth from my obscurity and insignificance, into the presence of that dreaded, scribbling Queen of the north, whose goose-quill-sceptre reaches across the Atlantic, and from whose decision there is no appeal; I felt a certain unpleasant and undefinable sensation, such, I ween, as agitated the breast of the hapless Anne Boleyn, brought for trial before the tyrant, wedded to her only for her destruction; or such as the guiltless victims of the inquisition must have often experienced; or such, to come nearer home, as have been excited in many an American citizen, when forced to appear before Napoleon's *council of prizes*, where, as in the two former cases, innocence is the worst possible defence, being the principal and the only crime. My apprehensions were the greater, as, besides the proscribed defence of innocence, and the assurance of being condemned by that which should acquit me, I was but too conscious of other no less heinous and unpardonable offences against the

Scottish Majesty. *I knew, and could not deny, that I was born and educated in Russia ; for this first offence, though it is involuntary, I expected to be doomed to suffer, as mankind have suffered for the original sin, without, however, their hopes, already fulfilled, of final redemption ; that is, to wander an outcast through the wide world, like a second Cain, with a heavy curse for my burthen, and with a placard stuck to my back, as a speaking memento of my excommunication, and a warning to all not to relieve me. I dared, barbarous Russian that I was, to use, without even asking her permission, the language in which her Majesty sends forth her anathemas, and thus, with her own weapons, and on her own consecrated ground, to invade her temple, and with unhallowed touch profane the skirts of her garments ; for this I expected to be chained to the Caucasian rock, like Prometheus, for stealing Jupiter's fire, or to be buried under mountains, like the Titanian race, who impiously attempted to invade the seat of heaven. I loved my country, and have endeavoured to vindicate her character, evincing therein my just detestation of the great slanderer Dr. Clarke ; my anger, equally just, towards " all the talents ;" my unrepented rebellion towards the Edinburgh Reviewers ; and my deep indignation towards all sworn and declared enemies of Russia ; for this I could scarcely realise in anticipation any adequate punishment. I told that which my countrymen have proved true ; and which, by destroying the infallibility of her Majesty's wisdom, made her blush for her human infirmities ; for this last and the worst of all offences, my death would be insufficient to appease her vengeance, and to be broken alive upon the wheel would be considered only as an act of mercy.*

My fears, however were groundless, and I soon felt, that, had the Edinburgh Reviewers praised me, I should have experienced a severe disappointment ; for not to be abused by them, in a cause like mine, would have deprived me of my greatest triumph. It was I that first made war upon them ; a war, the principle of which, as a Russian, I shall maintain, so long as I live to feel their wanton hostility to my country ; and it was a sore grievance to them, to find themselves thrown upon the

defensive, contrary to their usual career, in which they have seldom been attacked, but almost always appeared the assailants. My glove of defiance remained a long time suspended in their sight; and it was not till they were absolutely forced by the public opinion, that they dared to take it up; and the weak manner in which they combatted, corresponds exactly with their strong reluctance to the combat; so that, to show their manner, for the edification of their American admirers, is a greater object with me, than to boast of a victory which I am conscious of having obtained. I say *American admirers*, because in England the Edinburgh Reviewers pass exactly for what they are worth; great only with their own party, and no conjurers with the rest; and I claim victory, because to my work on national topics, they have replied chiefly by personal invective, and defence of their party. What? Have I, an insignificant individual, as they affect to consider me in the beginning, forced them to a long, sophisticated, elaborate defence of the Foxite administration, and even to an occasional appeal to me—to me, the chorister in count Worontzow's chapel? Have I, a barbarian, a Cossack, a Calmuck, forced them to give up their favourites, the sullen Hutchinsons,* the beardless Erskines, the frothy Whitbreads, and other worthies, without even a word to exculpate them? This is a triumph indeed! But I will recur to their personalities, in using which, they complain of my own disrespectful language towards their friends; a complaint, which in the mouth of an Edinburgh Reviewer, the abettor of Dr. Clarke, and against a Russian who is belaboured even while the complaint is making, sounds very much like religion preached by an atheist, temperance

* The only thing they say about Lord Hutchinson is, that I charged him with *false representation of the state of affairs*. Most certainly I did make this charge; and what is worse, I renew it now, and will repeat it again and again, until the Edinburgh Reviewers have disproved it, which they seem loth to attempt. They said, I assigned as the reason, that he *was disappointed of being the commander in chief of the Russian forces*. I assigned no such reason, but merely noticed a report to that purpose, spread for aught I know, by their own friends: therefore the Edinburgh Reviewers must share, with his lordship, the ~~danger~~ *charge* of *false representation*.

commended by a drunkard, the privilege of chastity claimed by a common prostitute, or, what is still worse, the universal justice and universal rights, by sea and land, coming from the lips of a Buonaparte ! !

The mighty Edinburgh Reviewers, at the first onset, are compelled to acknowledge that, "some how or other, the invader lost his army in Russia," therefore, with *prodigious kindness*, they concede what it is not in their power to withhold, and with *astonishing liberality* they decline disputing with me about the Russian prowess, when it no longer can be disputed : but then they say, that my statisticks must have been taken from some common school book or gazetteer, which is an insinuation, if it be any thing, that what is common and accessible to all, cannot be true, or, if true, loses its value, and must be spurned as a thing unworthy of those who pretend to distinction in learning. In truth, this is the only ground on which I can account for the extraordinary ignorance of Dr. Clarke and the Edinburgh Reviewers about the Russian affairs ; a subject on which, almost in every thing they have said, they have been grossly mistaken : and if the book or gazetteer which, they say, is known to every school boy, but, I confess, totally unknown to me, really exist somewhere ; then their ignorance, while in possession of so common a source of information, is not only extraordinary, but highly criminal ; or if they cannot tell where, when, and by whom this book was published, which, I suspect, exists only in their imagination, then they have made use of a shallow artifice which recoils upon themselves, and renders their ignorance glaring, if real, and disgusting, if pretended. Thus the important discovery, by which falsehood had obtained a circuitous and difficult path, is to be exalted above all truth that is easy of access, and can be reached by a plain open road, belongs of right to the Edinburgh Reviewers ; and such is their bold proficiency in this novel doctrine, that I suspected it, long before they confessed it, by implication. It is not to be wondered therefore, that, being in possession of so precious a talisman, they should consider themselves invulnerable, and endowed with power to crush their adversaries at pleasure, merely by displaying the magic

words : *A giant's falsehood is better than a pigmy's truth.* These words, or this motto, can be easily comprehended by the following simple and easy process : an unknown Russian has "some how or other" told truth, while we, Edinburgh Reviewers, known to all, have "some how or other" told falsehood ; but he is not an author of celebrity, and we, with our beloved Dr. Clarke, are great writers ; *ergo*, our authority is better than the Russian's, and our falsehood is more conclusive than his truth ; or, we physicians have unanimously predicted the death of a certain patient called Russia, who "some how or other" has survived our predictions, and is healthier than ever ; but we are great physicians, and she is but a woman ; *ergo*, though living, she must be considered dead ; the more so, as she has the impudence to live, contrary to our wishes, and our irrevokable sentence. I could give many more specimens of this magnanimous mode of reasoning, equally honourable to the head and heart : but other innovations no less interesting, and creditable to the Edinburgh Reviewers, imperiously demand my attention.

Unless the innovations which I am about to notice, are of an older date, and have been overlooked by me, which is probable, as I am no zealous reader of the Edinburgh Review ; I must claim the credit of having transformed the "reverend and potent senators" and grave inquisitors, into mere blustering pedagogues, sometimes awkwardly facetious, and egregiously ridiculous, sometimes too poetical, sometimes too hasty, generally inconsistent, and conspicuously absurd.

They are *awkwardly facetious*, when they laugh at the certificate from the district clerk, prefixed to American publications ; and *egregiously ridiculous* when they make a jest of that which is an established law of the United States ; and which is worse than ridiculous in such *great reviewers*, not to know, as they must have handled many books before mine, whose copyrights were secured in America. It shews the *peculiar* attention of these gentlemen to their duty, and their exemplary *correctness* in discharging it.

They are *too poetical*, or, to use a plainer language, they are guilty of a downright falsehood, when they declare that

I told them my name and profession. How they came to know me, is a matter of no concern to me ; but it is certain they could not have made the discovery from my pamphlet, which was published anonymous, entered, and certified by and for the booksellers. What must the world think of the self-degradation of those who dare to tell a falsehood so unprofitable, and so easily exposed ; and who, alluding to me, in their review, as the supposed author of " The Resources," blush not to say, " he tells us that he is" so and so, when the very work they are reviewing is a positive proof that I told no such thing ?

They are *too hasty* and premature in their triumph, when they pompously and with evident exultation declare my ignorance in ascribing the fall of Dantzick to their party, when that party were no longer in power : is this all they can find to impeach my veracity, or discredit my information ? To what a pitiful shift must they have been driven to mount and ride on such a bubble ? The question was not whether Dantzick fell one time or another ; but whether it fell through the neglect of certain great talkers and small doers. If I had asserted that Dantzick fell when these full-mouthed but empty-headed gentlemen were in power, the Edinburgh Reviewers might chuckle with some reason at my mistake ; but I only asserted, what I assert again, and what the Edinburgh Reviewers have not denied, that Dantzick fell through the criminal neglect of the " talent administration," that is, through their not sending the promised and expected succours, a reliance on which prevented the Russian government from using its own means, until the mischief was irremediable. Let them deny this if they can, or let them prove by their new logic, that the murderer, who had previously administered a dose of poison, is exculpated from the crime, by his absence, disappearance, or removal, at the time the victim expired.

They are *generally inconsistent*, for, throughout the review, if a defence of their political profligacy can be called so, they appear in contradiction with themselves. First, they intimate that Russia had no right to make a separate peace, because the coalition, though broken in its

efficacy, still existed, or was understood to exist in intention ; then, soon after, justify Austria and England for deserting Russia, upon the ground that there was no coalition between them. They repel every idea of subsidy, except such as may assist a nation in self defence, and yet commend the refusal of subsidy to Russia on the ground that she waged altogether a defensive war !! As for their calling a loan a subsidy, and their confounding all distinction between lending and giving ; I would simply ask, is there no difference between a government's giving money away without any expectation of reimbursement, money too, somewhat compulsively obtained through the medium of taxes from the pockets of the people ; and the sums which private individuals, of their own accord, and for their own advantage, were willing to lend, without any burthen to the country, or any trouble to the government, except their mere word of encouragement ? And is it by the miserable process of pounding loan and subsidy in one mortar, that they attempt to repel my charge of faithless conduct towards Russia, faithless even were there no such distinction between loan and subsidy, one or the other having been expected ? Is it thus that men of strong minds, skilled in every species of argument, defend themselves when innocent ? I charge them with refusing every efficient succour to Russia, and they reply that loan and subsidy are one and the same thing. I charge my neighbour with having cheated me out of bills and cash, due to me in virtue of our partnership, and the only defence he makes, is, that bills and cash are the same thing !!

Precisely of the same character is their rhapsody about the Austrian fears and jealousies of Russia ; a power, who, according to their system, never can be equal to France ; and yet more to be feared than France !! The Edinburgh Reviewers may shew much ingenuity in reconciling this palpable contradiction ; but it requires more influence than they possess, or ever will possess, to persuade any person of common sense and reflection, that the fear of one who never wronged us, never took up arms against us, never seized upon any of our possessions, but has been a long-

tried friend, guided, even in moments of anger and dissatisfaction, by principles of honour and moderation—that the fear of one who bravely, generously, and repeatedly shed his best blood in our cause, can even for a moment counterbalance the fear of a powerful, unprincipled, and experienced enemy, the resentment of past injuries, the painful consciousness of present humiliation, the mortifying ~~appearance~~ ^{conviction} of increasing aggression, and the anticipated horror of future misery. The Edinburgh Reviewers, it seems, have yet to learn, that the apprehension of what Russia may possibly undertake hereafter, is very different from the certainty of what has been, or is to be inflicted upon Austria by the implacable ruler of France, urged rather to claim as his own, than spare the mutilated fragments of her empire, in virtue of that fatal and degrading bond of consanguinity, which has enchained her to his bloody car, and imparted a certain fascination to the real cause of terror, which overawed her from every exertion favourable to her friends, and conducive, ultimately, to her own safety.

They are *conspicuously absurd*, when they proclaim a man's situation in life, as the criterion of his knowledge. As in this instance they dream about Worontzow's chapel, which never existed, and are desirous to know something more of my history; I shall gratify their curiosity, whenever they agree to apply their own rule to themselves, and by stating truly who they are, or what they were, furnish the world with the exact measure of their own worth. They shall find that I am no ministerial hireling, as they seem to insinuate, nor the slavish scribbling tool of a disappointed faction; but as great a stranger to the one party as to the other, a friend to those who do justice to my country, and a sworn enemy to all those who endeavour unjustly to vilify her character, and by degrading her to screen their own perfidy: a declaration, one half of which the Edinburgh Reviewers may apply to whomsoever they think deserving it, and to the other half they are welcome themselves.

Whether my situation during the ten years' residence

in London, was favourable to the acquisition of knowledge, and whether my opportunities were few or many, I leave to the decision of others. I have, however, learned a thing or two of considerable importance to myself. I have learned to despise all self-created patriots, noisy demagogues, canting hypocrites, spouting orators, office hunters in disguise, in show cringing slaves, in reality profligate tyrants, enemies to power, merely because it is not their own—and the whole train of their supporters, and hungry expectants sighing day and night after *loaves* and *fishes*, and opposing the government, not from principle, but self-interest, which admits of no other creed but this : *So long as we are among the OUTS, the INS must invariably be in the wrong.* I have learned, that the pretended political reformers are the only dangerous and real enemies of the English constitution, in appreciating whose matchless form and excellence, I was not alienated from my own government ; but, as a man, I contemplated with pride and delight so magnificent and durable a structure of human wisdom, while, as a Russian, I did not think it suitable to the Russian empire. I learned to respect, but not to envy the Englishman his country, and to feel happy in being born in Russia, whose future glory, from the consciousness of the past, I have always contemplated with confidence : looking forward with enthusiasm to that period, when she would confound and cover with shame all such malignant revilers, and unprincipled slanderers as Dr. Clarke and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Russia herself was my only *schoolbook* and *gazetteer*. I have further learned, that the very errors of Mr. Pitt's active and vigilant administration were worth all the virtues, if there were any, of the succeeding administration formed of his political opponents, who, whatever their talents may have been individually, proved themselves, as a body, totally incapable of useful exertion, and left behind them much cause for grief, but none for joy.

I have also learned, that, of all the literary, philosophical, or political associations which ever existed, there never was one so dangerous in its tendency to mislead young and unthinking men, too indolent to examine for

themselves, as the fire-brand-fraternity conducting the Edinburgh Review. To say they possess talents, is the worst recommendation that can be given them ; for Satan has talents too, and hence the magnitude of mischief. In truth, the arbitrary tribunal into which they have erected themselves by usurpation, by a complete prostitution of their talents to the vile purposes of a faction, and by their readiness to sacrifice, without mercy, the virtuous or literary reputation of every man who does not worship with them at the same political shrine, is so tyrannical and odious in its nature, and so discreditable to those, who, with wilful blindness, suffer themselves to be implicitly guided by its decision ; that it can only be compared to the power of their chief idol Buonaparte, whom they hypocritically censure, only when they dare not praise, and whose despotick, unnatural sway has been first established upon the indolence, then maintained by the fears of mankind, and finally rendered permanent (at least in appearance) by the sordid passions of slaves, labouring to exalt him, and thus to rivet the chains which they themselves, and for themselves among the rest, had foolishly and wantonly forged. If I were to attempt to give a greater scope to my sentiments and ideas, long entertained, of the Edinburgh Reviewers, I should call them a certain non-descript monster, such as Ariosto himself, the greatest of poetical dreamers, never contemplated in his visions ; a compound animal, whose nature and real existence can only be understood by giving it the serpent's tongue, the wolf's tooth, the fox's tail, the monkey's limbs, the syren's face, the crocodile's eyes, the raven's voice, the tyger's claws, the cameleon's colours, the fugitive body of Proteus, and, to all these, a perpetual motion. This amphibious animal, though it lives and moves in every element, has its most favourite haunt in the sea of politicks, between the Scylla of usurping undivided despotism, and the Charybdis of lawless many-headed democracy, where, crossing from the one to the other, and alternately embracing each, it intercepts all such as heedlessly float on the midway tide, and by chance might have escaped the two extremes, so dangerous and fatal. How such a monster made itself acceptable to so

many individuals scattered over the globe, some of whom must be possessed of virtue and talents ; and how it came to be cherished with such *peculiar fondness* in America, by persons too of great respectability ; would be a mystery altogether incomprehensible, and would of itself overrule all my objections, had it not been in my power to explain it, by pointing out the two principal causes which have cooperated in favour of its reception.

The first, in relation to mankind in general, is that undeniable human propensity, originating in pride, to be pleased with seeing our fellow creatures rather reduced below, than exalted above our own level. We listen to the censure of others, particularly of those who have attempted to rise above us, with an ear predisposed to be credulous ; but we hear their praise with the secret pain of conscious inferiority, and never join in it without some reluctance. It is therefore by administering to this general passion, at the sacrifice of a few individuals, by flattering many and grieving one, and doing it in an artful, yet audacious manner, occasionally relieved by a show of liberality, that the Edinburgh Reviewers have made their sentiments so current, and usurped so extensive an authority. A cunning tyrant pursues exactly the same course. His capricious rigour in degrading the more elevated subjects to the rank of inferior and the most numerous orders, pleases these, and relieves their pangs of envy : while a rare occasional favour, apparently extorted by superior merit, not to be easily imitated, and therefore far removed from envy and jealousy, hoodwinks suspicion, lulls selfish passions to sleep, exalts the donor, and makes his sway assured in its progress.

The *second cause*, with regard to America in particular, is the jesuitical and well seasoned flattery, with which they often regale the ear of the American nation ; not that they really respect and cherish a disposition to favour the Americans ;* but that it suits their views at home, to exalt and

* The review of the Columbiad shows their *respect* for American genius, and the conduct of the Foxite administration, full as hostile as the one that preceded it, shows their *disposition* to favour the American interests. In truth, they

approve whatever may, in any degree, result in the humiliation of their own government. Their motive, however, is either unperceived or disregarded, while their praise is accepted as a tribute of sincerity. A double appeal, at once to personal and national vanity, is the most powerful and resistless charm to make proselytes, that ever was exercised by the magick of the pen ; and so pleasing it is to hear some commendation of our country, particularly when we are absent from it, that, though we ourselves may be conscious of its insincerity, and even misapplication, we still hug the dear flatterer to our bosom, and feel happy in being deceived. Hence almost all the Americans who visit England, and who never subscribed to the doctrine that *the British government is the most villainous in the world*, associate there exclusively, or, at least by preference, with the opposition-men, the same whom, while at home, they had openly denounced : nay, I know some, whose publick labours are an honour to their country, who have execrated the unprincipled ambition of the Corsican usurper, and have spoken of his system of universal subjugation with undisguised abhorrence, to have mingled so quickly with the English opposition party, more or less favourable to the usurper and his system, as to forego every trust in their own knowledge and judgment, and indiscriminately to adopt the sentiments of the Edinburgh Reviewers, the mouth-piece of the party, on every subject of foreign policy, directly or indirectly connected with Russia ; tending, upon the ruin of her political importance, to elevate the power of France, and thus destroy the hopes and confidence of Europe, in the only continental power that had the will and ability to check the overwhelming torrent of French aggression. I am conscious, that a weakness, which flows from the source of patriotism, is too sacred to be censured ; but I trace in it the mischief of which I complain, and cannot but lament, that the effects of its indulgence should have been so aus-

change their principles with their places ; they abuse and denounce Cobbett, or praise and side with him, as their interest dictates ; and their respect and love for Americans is very much like that of Buonaparte.

picious to the dangerous influence of the Edinburgh Reviewers. Strip them of these auxiliaries, and they will dwindle into blank insignificance, for what are their other pretensions ? Let us examine.

Is it acute and just discrimination, correct and sound judgment discovered in their critical reviews of literary productions ? I hesitate not to say that, whenever their blind admirers will take the trouble to peruse and digest the books so reviewed, they will find, nine times out of ten, their own opinions, formed upon those of the reviewers, to be incorrect, and repugnant to truth and justice. It is by this true standard, the only one by which all reviewers ought to be judged, that I some years since, tried them ; and, having detected them, turned from their pages with disgust and indignation ; the more so, as they evidently betray want of integrity rather than want of talent. Their literary lava* is but a modification of that political poison, which they are constantly diffusing ; and which, like the effluvia of the Bohun Upas, tends to destroy every thing within its reach. They praise at random, because sometimes it is necessary to appear to do so : but they censure upon the settled nefarious system of political exclusion. They seldom fail, and never cease, to abuse real merit, until the public opinion against them is strong enough to make any further abuse dangerous to their interest ; but their voluntary praise is bestowed only when the author receiving it, has not rebelled against their politicks, and is not likely to offend them with his future celebrity. In England, where there are so many other reviews to counteract undue impressions, and where the learned read for themselves, the capricious and almost always unjust decision of the Edinburgh Reviewers on literary productions cannot do much harm ; but, in America, where there are so few counteracting checks, it has already had, and will continue to have, a most inauspicious influ-

* It is worthy of remark, that such productions in the Edinburgh Review as are entitled to distinction by their usefulness and merit, are not generally written by the Reviewers, that is, by any of the members constituting the critical junta ; but are contributed by strangers, as was the case with the article on the French code of conscription, which got so much credit to the Reviewers, but was written by Mr. Walsh of Philadelphia.

ence on the domestick literature. Such is the habitual veneration here for the word *we*, created, probably, by the frequent perusal of the Edinburgh Review, that any *he*, by multiplying himself, has now a reasonable hope of directing the publick opinion at pleasure. Nothing can be more monstrous, than that the *ipse dixit* of any individual should, by the mere magick *we*, decide the fate of a work, and even reverse, with a single stroke of the pen, the favourable judgment it at first obtained. The best man, as to intentions and ability, who assumes the office of a critic, is liable to error, and prejudice, often personal, for or against the author : if, therefore, without inquiring into our own original reasons, out of pure respect for this critic's opinion, we give up our own, and think worse or better of a book than we did before, we betray our previous or subsequent want of judgment, or our unmanly subserviency, both ways establishing a tyranny which must control or check the progress of literature, and blast the youthful genius in the bud. Poetry, more tender than her sister flowers, withers and shrinks the quickest from the frowns of such a stern and absolute tribunal; and this, possibly, is the chief reason why America is so inferior to herself in this department ; indeed, she is likely to continue so, as long as the Edinburgh Reviewers reign lords paramount, converting all the young men, who read them, into criticks, which is a much easier character to assume, than that of braving such criticisms in the character of a poet or an author.

Is it the superior elegance, and classical chasteness of language, that so strongly recommend the Edinburgh Review, and place it above all competition ? It would be presumptuous in me to question, in this particular, the claims of the Edinburgh Reviewers ; but Mr. Thelwall, as great a character in his way as themselves, who for years made grammar and rhetorick his peculiar study and profession, has already anticipated me ; and has, with signal success, exposed their ignorance, or voluntary breach of all the rules and principles of English composition, making their vitiated taste no less conspicuous, than their absurd confusion of metaphors floating on the turbid

stream of a quaint and deformed style, sustained altogether by the bitterness and acrimony of personal abuse. I know not whether any American bookseller had ever boldness enough to publish *Mr. Thelwall's* celebrated letter to *Francis Jeffrey, esq.* the chief head of the Edinburgh-hydra: but, as I have it in my possession, every unbeliever, by applying for it, may be satisfied of the truth of the above statement.

Is it the profound knowledge in history, antiquities, and various arts and sciences, that preeminently distinguishes the Edinburgh Reviewers? This may possibly be the case; at least I confess my incompetence to decide. I leave therefore their history and antiquities to the examination of lord Byron, who appears to be somewhat skeptical on the subject of their infallibility in these branches; and their arts and sciences to the investigation of the respective professors, who are the only proper and legitimate judges.

Are they particularly to be admired, adored, and imitated as immaculate and profound statesmen? By their company we shall know them. Gentle reader, hast thou heard of men, whom at first in anticipation, and afterwards in ridicule, were called "all the talents" of the country; and who began their career by conjuring up the story of the assassin,* merely to scrape up a correspondence with Talleyrand, and to be cheated? Hast thou heard of men, who, instead of warning Prussia of danger, which they might and ought to have done with effect, continued to carry on a hopeless and protracted negociation at Paris, which created fear and distrust in her, and paralysed the succouring arm of Russia; until Buonaparte, under the

* The offer of the pretended assassin, who, strange to say, never was afterwards seen or heard of, to bring Buonaparte's head, or do something equally heroick, was communicated to Talleyrand, and thus led the way to the negociation which ruined Prussia. The assassin, if there really was such, must have been a great dunce, to make such offer to a set of men, who held Buonaparte's life full as sacred as their own, hung upon it for food, like worms upon a carcass, and valued it as the life of their life, and the support of their political existence.

slender cover of this fatal negociation, seen through by all, save those in whom blindness was a crime, having matured his plan of invasion, and being literally tired of inventing new pretexts, whose absurdity rather insured than prevented their reception, with one foot kicked at length my lord Lauderdale* out of Paris, and with the other, crushed in a moment the kingdom of Frederick the Great ? Hast thou heard of their childish and foolishly unsuccessful expedition to Constantinople, which at first frightened the women in the seraglio, but soon after was frightened away by their shrieks and lamentations, and which is pompously noticed by the Edinburgh Reviewers as a mighty effort of cooperation with Russia, calculated at the least to bring the neck of the Sultan under her feet ! ! Hast thou heard of two other expeditions, one, equally efficient, to Egypt, just to humble the pride of Englishmen by showing that the Turks could beat them ; and another, the only successful one, to Buenos Ayres, sacrificed because Sir Home Popham, the original projector, was not a branch of “ the illustrious talents,” who modestly took to themselves the first glory of this expedition, and, when it was afterwards frustrated by their own neglect, and through the ignorance of their own Whitelock, *magnanimously* gave up Sir Home Popham to the clutches of a court martial, from which he was rescued only by the good sense of the country ? Hast thou heard of agents and ministers who had the singular felicity of making themselves obnoxious by their arrogance, to the governments near which

* This poor ambassador, while on his return, was pelted at Boulogne by “ all the talents” with good English bullets ; which was at once a specimen of the Foxite energy and tenderness towards France, showing, that, even in anger, they did not treat their dear France worse than they did their own ambassador ! !

The Edinburgh Reviewers are anxious to exculpate their friends from the suspected *tenderness* for France, and yet defend them altogether upon the ground of this tenderness ; for, passive waiting for the “ advent of times,” Austria’s error of judgment in opposing France at all, silent and peaceful musing on the future, are the constant burthen of their song, as if Buonaparte all that time was sitting too, with his hands folded up, or merely playing a few harmless tricks unworthy of resentment or resistance ! !

they were sent out to reside ; and who seldom failed either to render themselves ridiculous by their folly, or mar the mutual good understanding by their imbecility ? Hast thou heard of great financiers who were scouted in Parliament, and laughed at for their bubble-scheme of *ways and means* without taxes ;* and who to save a few pounds by withholding just and fair assistance from the continent, embroiled England in a new war with Russia, that cost millions to the nation, besides the expense of honour and integrity ? Hast thou heard of distinguished politicians, who, out of pure opposition to Pitt, reversed the whole system of manly, liberal, and honourable English policy, pursued, for a series of years, towards the European continent ; and, in about one short year, one month, and one day, disgraced their country more than other ministers could have done in a century ? In short, hast thou heard of men who have forfeited every claim to publick respect and indulgence, who are equally offensive to a loyal Russian, and to a good sound Englishman, the natural friend of the other, and for whose unworthy sakes Russia is to be calumniated ; her virtues to be denied ; her achievements to be obscured ; her sacrifices to be derided ; her energies to be decried ; her defects, (for who is faultless ?) to be magnified ; her moderate and legitimate ambition to be held forth to the world as more destructive† than that of Buonaparte ; her efforts to save Europe at once to be depreciated, and brought into suspicion ; and all, who, like Dr. Clarke, lend their hand to put her reputation down, to be trumpeted about as men of sense, candour, and profound

* The famous scheme of lord H. Petty, the *illustrious financier*, whose deeds were to *rival and outshine* the deeds of Mr. Pitt !!!

† The absurdity, already noticed, of believing on one hand, in the comparative importance of Russia, and, on the other, in her will and power to do a greater mischief than France, palpable and ridiculous as it is, sticks yet so fast to the friends of the Edinburgh Reviewers, that Mr. Whitbread, talks, even now, of extorting from Russia her Polish dominions, as the price of peace, without even a hint about the restoration by Buonaparte of his immense spoils, *very innocently taken, and righteously acquired* !!!

erudition?† If thou hast, gentle reader, I will tell thee, these men, of whom I have given thee a correct picture, are the worthies who, in the Edinburgh Reviewers, have always found their willing minions, and supporting slaves : ask therefore thy own sense, when such are the masters, what must be the servants ?*

Is it the purity or supereminent wisdom of political doctrine, that entitles the Edinburgh Reviewers to the privilege of dictating to the world ? I do not mean their domestick system of politicks, with which I have nothing to do ; but their foreign system, the prominent features of which are *the irresistibility of France, the incompetency of Russia, and the superior prowess and conduct of Austria.*

The *irresistibility of France* has long been the pretext with the party to justify their refusal of assistance to the continent ; and a cloak to cover their reluctance to oppose France in her career ; so that it is not for want of their good wishes and measures that she is not yet irresistible. This precious quality of *irresistibility*, which, like a woman's honour, cannot be impaired without being destroyed, has been severely tried, as far back as the year 1799, by the old Suwarow in Italy ; but “ the talents,” or the Edinburgh Reviewers, which is the same thing,

‡ Whoever reads and examines the conclusion of the review of “ Clarke's Travels in Russia,” in the Edinburgh Review, must be convinced, that what I have alleged is the true motive and the constant object with the whole party ; and that it is a death-blow to their interest to say one word in favour of Russia, unless by compulsion. How then, and with what justice, with such proofs before him, can a sensible American, totally unconnected with either of the English parties, take Dr. Clarke and the Edinburgh Reviewers as conslusive authority on Russian affairs, at the time too that the conduct of Russia has so fully convicted them of error, if not of deliberate falsehood ; is beyond my power to explain, and I can only wonder at, and lament the infatuation.

* The Edinburgh Reviewers say, I asserted, that these men were turned out of office for their bad conduct to Russia, when the cause of their removal was the catholick question. The Edinburgh Reviewers are guilty here of a misrepresentation, as I did not even hint at the principal cause of their removal, but merely said, (and who can doubt it ?) that the prince regent, who removed them, was conscious of their shuffling policy, &c.

still preached its durability to the world. It was rather rudely questioned at the battles of Pultusk and Eylau, but the Edinburgh Reviewers still preached, until they preached away the friendship of Russia, and then, with an ideotick stare stood incredulous, or wilfully heedless of the mischief they had accomplished. The battle of Aspern, so honourable to Austria, was likewise a bitter test ; but still they preached on ; until, at length, the veteran Kutusow had rent the veil with his native sword, stripped naked the preaching fanaticks and impostors, and left them no alternative but to plead error or hypocrisy. Nay, had he lived longer, he would have anticipated the proof of time, in showing that France is even *vulnerable* ; for, whatever hopes they may entertain of her convalescence through the temporary success of Buonaparte, they may be assured, that France herself cannot easily recover the blow she received in the last campaign, the effects of which I have elsewhere endeavoured to foretell, and see no reason to change my opticks of futurity. Buonaparte may recover, he may by an intrigue with his weak father-in-law, by a temporary peace, or even by arms, preserve his own political existence, brilliant as ever *in appearance* ; but, every moment he lives, every mangled corpse he adds to the pile which props up his tottering throne, is fatal to France ; and every drop, feeding the tide of blood that keeps afloat his bark of despotism, is drawn from the veins, from the very heart of France, who, if not speedily relieved, must sink from total exhaustion. There is a power that evidently protects Buonaparte, for some purposes as yet to be accomplished ; and twice it sent death to save him, by removing Suwarow and Kutusow from his way, both at two critical periods which seemed to threaten his destruction. If it be not, therefore, impious to scan the unrevealed decrees of Providence, a belief may be indulged, that it is to chastise other offending nations, then to punish France herself, the guiltiest of them all, and end, perhaps for ever, the tyrannical influence she has so long exercised over the European world, that Heaven still preserves, and still permits the demon of ambition, while he makes her a scourge to the rest, to feed upon her vitals,

and not to quit his hold until fleshless and juiceless, she is cast off, like a withered leaf, a prey to every puff and gust of wind. It will be found, that her conscription system, and her internal, but not eternal resources, strained within, and unsupported without, whereon the Edinburgh Reviewers, and other better men, misled by them, have founded her imaginary invincibility and Buonaparte's irresistible power, are but the life-stream of a bleeding giant, which, while in its torrent it overwhelms the insects within reach, weakens himself, and must, at the end, terminate his own existence.

As to the *incompetency* of Russia to defend herself, and resist France, from what has been said in the preceding paragraph, or rather, from what has been done by Russia in the face of the whole world, it would be now a superfluous multiplication of words to tell the Edinburgh Reviewers that they were willing or ignorant enough to be mistaken, and have not had so much magnanimity, or even common decency, as to acknowledge their error. It would be equally superfluous to give another proof of their *admirable foresight* as to Spanish affairs ; for it was a part of the same political system with them, that *Spain could not be defended*. It is enough to observe, that they are doubly enraged at the success of the English and the Russian arms, which disappointed their expectations in the north and west of Europe ; and that, not daring to abuse the former, they are willing to revenge themselves on the latter : and no doubt, will hail with joy their Antæus, rising again in vigour from the earth on which he was prostrated. But as, by the incompetency of Russia, is implied her general inferiority to Austria, and her incapacity to become the rallying standard of nations seeking deliverance from the French yoke ; I shall take up my last division of the Edinburgh system, and contrast the energy and conduct of Russia, with the *superior energy and conduct of Austria*, by a plain statement of historical facts, within the memory of every man living.

Russia, whose orbit of revolution did not come in contact with that of France, and who, though the farthest re-

moved from her, was rather courted than shunned by her, felt of course the less concern in the changes and innovations occasioned by her aggression; having the less to hope from her friendship, and less to fear from her enmity, and participating in a degree, proportionably smaller, in the interest and apprehensions of other European nations nearest to her: and yet, from a mere sympathy, from motives of humanity, and the generous aspiration to the glory of delivering the oppressed more than from any immediate interest, she parted at length with her sons, and on the plains of Italy beheld, unmoved, their blood mingle with that of her allies, and the common foe. The success, as long as her veteran general (Suwarow) sustained the principal command, was beyond her sanguine expectations; but the jealousy and perfidy of the very friends she was thus succouring, reversed the prospect, and she was forced, against her wishes, to recal her victorious troops, as a necessary sacrifice to her just indignation.* Severely

* Unquestionably, the emperor Paul might have subdued these feelings, and let policy, or original motives of glory still prevail; but it would have been an effort beyond the common powers and patience of man: besides, what prospect was there from a coalition, a part of which was so corrupt and rotten? Mr. Carr may talk as much as he pleases, about the secret influence of Madame Chevalier; but it is neither in his power, nor in that of the Edinburgh Reviewers, nor in that of Madame de Staël, who, in her "Appeal to the Nations" says, that Paul *recalled his troops from caprice*, to gloss over the glaring duplicity, to say the least, of the Austrian government upon this occasion; a duplicity which Suwarow, foreseeing the effects of Paul's anger, concealed as long as possible, and, by doing so, (this was his chief offence) incurred his master's displeasure. The subsequent official complaints of this veteran, who never before complained of any body, and historical details of his passage over the Alps; the repeated efforts of the archduke Charles to appease, through him, Paul's indignation; the dismissal of Baron Thugut, Austria's prime minister, who was accused of treachery by the Russians; all confirm, that Austria, when too late, was herself conscious of having acted an unworthy and ungrateful part towards Russia. But the deepest wound inflicted upon Russia, and the irreparable calamity to Europe, was the death of Suwarow, caused, not as is generally supposed by his sovereign's displeasure, but by the faithlessness of Austria, which forced him to give up the contest, of the success of which he was assured, and to

and quickly was this defection of Austria punished on the field of Marengo, where her fortunes were instantly blasted, and her ruin, with that of Europe, commenced : for now, Suwarow, the only man that could have saved both, slept in the grave, the victim of perfidy and ingratitude ; and Buonaparte, unchecked, uncontrolled, fearless of a rival, had only to choose which way to bend his steps, and which country first to select for the aim of his conquering sword. Thus Austria, in the year 1799, by spurning the friendly hand of Russia, had, with a suicide-hand, dug out a grave in which her own, and the liberties of the European world, were to be speedily entombed. Towards the year 1805, when the weight of pressure increased upon her, and when the progress of destruction had nearly reached her, she again sought and obtained the assistance of Russia; her steadfast and now relented friend ; but in the battle of Austerlitz she betrayed the same foul unregenerate spirit within her ; and while Russia exposed the life of her emperor in that battle, she, the most interested of all, kept her own

continue which his honour was pledged ; and this too at a most critical moment, when the defeat of the Russians at Zurich (under Korsakoff) called for an atonement, and when Buonaparte returned from Egypt, with whom, then the only remaining French general of celebrity, the old Russian hero was particularly desirous to measure his sword. Suwarow, being once asked, who, in his opinion, were the greatest generals in the world, replied, *Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar*, and then added, in a whisper, *Buonaparte* ; his mortification may, therefore, easily be conceived, when he was withheld from encountering the only man he considered his rival, and whose overthrow, which he was confident to achieve, wanted yet to complete his glory. When, by the intrigue of the Austrian cabinet, who thought they could do without him, he was commanded to leave his conquests in Italy unfinished, *he wept* ; when, on his march to Switzerland, he received the news of Korsakoff's defeat, *he grieved in secret, and pined in silence*, wearing outward the visage of incredulity ; when he received orders to march home, *he shut himself up for three days in his chamber, a solitary fire to sorrow and distress* ; when Paul spoke angrily to him, on his arrival at St. Petersburg, *he serenely smiled* : but when he heard of Buonaparte's return, he fetched a deep sigh, and *expired*. Such is the last tragick scene of this hero's life ; and can any politeness or courtesy make me mute on the perfidy of a power that caused a catastrophe, so fatal to herself and to the world ? No ; Never !

sovereign among the shady groves of a luxuriant garden, and let him out just in time, by a precipitate and ignominious peace, to assure Buonaparte's dear-bought and doubtful victory ; to prevent the Russians from wresting it back the next day, by the intended renewal of the action ; and to compel Alexander to lead his forces home, after rejecting the enemy's proffered friendship, and leaving a heartless ally, sunk, almost by choice, several degrees lower, on the scale of degradation. Aggression now followed aggression ; the German empire, of which Austria was the head, was insulted, lacerated, and rent limb by limb ; innocent persons were torn, in the midst of peace, from the bosom of their country, of which Austria was the natural protector ; yet, strange to tell, she winked ; and of all the continental powers, Russia alone, (the feeble voice of Sweden excepted) protested loud, but in vain, against all these atrocities. Soon Prussia was designated as the succeeding victim of French ambition : and here again the dragon of Austria, though his own golden apples were to be plundered, slept in deceitful security : in truth, what else could be expected from a power that could, only two-years previous, behold with indifference, without even a remonstrance, a guiltless prince (Duke d'Enghien) allied to her in blood, murdered by the hand of the midnight Corsican assassin ? Again Russia went forth, and went alone, to the assistance of the oppressed ;* but the precipi-

* The Edinburgh Reviewers say, at this " critical period," Russia notified to the court of Vienna, that she would send her army to " Moldavia," instead of Prussia, as was expected ; which made Austria comply with all the demands of Buonaparte. Now, as the world knows, that the Russian army under Beningsen, never went to Moldavia, but actually marched to the assistance of Prussia ; the Edinburgh Reviewers stand convicted of chicanery, which must discredit every thing they have said in defence of Austria and themselves. In the same manner, they reproach Russia with having squandered her subsidy, and not having furnished a sufficient number of troops to Austria, before the battle of Austerlitz ; when it is a notorious truth, that Austria entered Bavaria, and opened the campaign with such precipitation, that Russia was obliged to

tation of the latter, and the supineness or criminal predilections, and wilful neglect of the English "talent" administration, rendered her efforts abortive ; and Prussia, being overthrown, before any aid could be rendered her, the whole storm of war rushed in an instant upon the territories of Russia, thus at once, from a mere auxiliary, transformed into an unprepared principal. Now was the time, now was the first long sought-for opportunity for Austria to recover with a single blow her own losses, and be, (a glorious title !) the universal deliverer. Her whole force was now between Buonaparte and France, she had only to order, and he was intercepted, undone. Did she do so ? Did she in turn, offer her services to Russia ? No. She disobeyed the dictates of sound policy ; she disregarded the ties of friendship and gratitude ; she did nothing. She did worse than nothing ; she devoted Russia to destruction. It is curious how the Edinburgh Reviewers endeavour to defend her conduct on this occasion, by intimating that Russia did not ask her assistance in time, and in a proper manner. How do they know this was the fact ? Where is their authority ? I do not believe it. Granting, however, for argument's sake, that their intimation is true ; it follows that Austria sacrificed her dearest interests, her safety, her honour, her duty to the German empire, and to Europe in general, merely because she was not *courteously*, and *gracefully* asked to do that, which she ought to have done without being asked, and for her own sake. One would suppose that the spirit of "the talents" was transfused into her ; otherwise, she could never have acted so, and the Edinburgh Reviewers would never be so eager to defend her at the expense of truth and common sense.

Russia, deserted thus by Austria, neglected by "the talent"-administration, abandoned by all, and courted only by her enemy, feeling the want of preparation, and the necessity of future provision, concluded, at length, the

send what troops could be collected, by forced marches, and take the field some time before the term agreed upon between the parties.

peace of Tilsit ; which was condemned by those very men who first advised it,* but which was not as they held forth, an ignominious submission on her part, in the manner of their *favourite* Austria, but only the nodding of a giant *who stoops to conquer*. Austria had soon ample reason to repent ; for the very power which she had thus preserved, the power of Buonaparte, only a little more than a year after the peace of Tilsit, recoiled upon herself ; and by stripping her of the remnant of her independence, left her to the mortifying conviction of having deserved her fate. It is true, that Russia, diverted by past experience, on this, and this only occasion, remained stationary : but, though she did not assist, magnanimously forebore to molest or execute any revenge by word or action : yet even this magnanimity and forbearance were lost upon infatuated Austria, who was now draining the very last dregs of her voluntary degradation, by giving up a princess of her imperial house to the polluted embraces of the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien ; as if determined to the last to exhibit herself in the contrast with Russia, who, indignantly, though with less urgency of reason, rejected the hand of Buonaparte, offered in marriage with her emperor's sister. The repentance of Austria, in having preserved at Tilsit the power of Buonaparte, was but of a short duration ; and the world beheld her with astonishment acting the same part over again, during the last campaign, so glorious to Russia : nay, regardless of every sacred consideration, and, urged by a sort of wilful madness, she even sent her forces—against whom ? against the only power which never took arms against her, which was ever ready to defend her, which had neither will nor interest to injure her, which still might resuscitate the hopes of the continent, and the destruction of which would have spread the pall of death over Austria herself, over Europe entire, and a great portion of Asia ; or would have turned the whole into a

* Lord Hutchinson declared in Parliament, that, instead of helping Alexander to make war, he kept advising him all the time, to make peace with Buonaparte.

barren region, where the groans of the suffering slaves, and the never-ceasing strokes of the tyrant's active lash, would be the only sounds to greet the human ear. What excuse had Austria for a measure so every way fatal? None; for she was not, like others, impelled by irresistible necessity.

To crown her political iniquity, and to prove to the world that it is the effect of her own free agency, she now seems labouring to preserve her own chains, and, though not even gilded to please the eye of an idiot, to hug them with all the devotion of a faithful slave. Not content to stand an unconcerned spectator, which was the worst thing expected from her, and to leave Russia and Prussia to their own exertions, she has, if appearances do not deceive us, made the severest censure fall short of her due, and outrunning every prediction limited by her inactivity in the common cause, she has voluntarily thrown her weight between the allies and Buonaparte, paralyzed their efforts by an ill timed armistice, allowed the enemy to recover his breath, and forced Alexander, who otherwise might have withdrawn from Germany, to negotiate, and probably to accept a peace, revolting to his feelings, as the prize of the independence of Prussia, which his sword, if not diverted by an interloper, might have restored, preserved, and secured in a manner more effectual and more beneficial to the rest of Europe: so that if Buonaparte reigns, if the nations suffer, if the arms of Russia fail to extend salvation beyond her territories, and the effects of her last triumphs are diminished, or their pruning edge blunted or averted, Austria alone is the fatal cause—the first original cause, the medium, and the last link of all the calamities already inflicted or yet to be inflicted on the wretched population of Europe! To recapitulate the whole, while Russia, with less interested motives, as was before observed, resisted every aggression of France; protested against every encroachment; flew to arms from the generous wish to defend others; bled on every occasion for the liberties of Austria and Europe; and never joined the tyrant in a league, much less in a bond of consanguinity, to destroy those liberties; she, Austria,

having the nearest interest in Germany, saw with comparative indifference, this ancient and venerable fabrick invaded and mutilated ; bore, with silent resentment, every aggression ; submitted, after a feeble struggle to every encroachment and extortion ; beheld, with criminal apathy, her honour insulted, and even a prince of her blood wantonly murdered ; fought only (except once in the beginning of the French revolution) when absolutely driven and goaded into resistance, and yielded, as soon as a transient relief was obtained, from reluctance, or fear to persevere ; took arms against Russia herself, and frustrated her efforts for general deliverance ; sealed the bond of union with the tyrant by a degrading and unnatural sacrifice of one of her own princesses ; and finally appears to have joined him in a league, the consequencess of which, if they be no more than her passiveness, hesitancy, and procrastination, must, if not checked, consummate the miscry of Europe :—Are these facts true ? or is this an imaginary contrast ? I will not insult the well informed reader by answering the question. And, when it is farther considered, that Russia combatted throughout with more energy and success, than Austria ; no one can hesitate to choose between them, and none, but canting jesuits, like the Edinburgh Reviewers, can pretend even to doubt, which of the two is entitled to the confidence of nations, and which has evinced more will and power to become their saviour.

The Edinburgh Reviewers, and their humble imitators, will probably stigmatize my severity and resentment, as proceeding from some national prejudice against Austria ; but national prejudice, strictly speaking, is the growth of ages ; of long severe collisions which never took place between Russia and Austria ; and even when the latter put on her French trappings, the former still persevered in friendship, and never once appeared in the character of an armed enemy ; my only excitement, therefore, is the notorious truth of my charges. I own, that Austria's base treatment of Suwarow in Italy and Switzerland, her ungrateful desertion of Russia in the preceding Polish campaign of 1806, and her more than treacherous invasion, con-

jointly with Napoleon, of a territory belonging to so ancient a friend and defender, during the last destructive war, glorious to the invaded, and fatal to the invaders, are deeply engraved upon the heart of every loyal Russian ; nay, I should despise myself for being less alive to such outrages ; but I solemnly declare, that my present indignation chiefly arises from her most unnatural abandonment of the interests of Europe, at the moment when the preceding Russian victories furnished her the means of regaining her own freedom, and that of Germany. I particularly complain of her, because, among the degraded vassals of France, she is the only one that can throw off the yoke with impunity ; and twice, particularly the last time, when Buonaparte was left almost without a soldier, she had it in her power, with a gleam of her sword, to deliver the world and herself of a monster.

Others, Prussia for instance, have been also criminal and ungrateful towards Russia ; but of these I do not complain. I have rather defended, than condemned Prussia ; because I knew, that the superficial politicians who clamour against her, had overrated her means, and are angry at her disappointing their unreasonable expectations, when they ought to blame their own credulity and want of information ; and because I know, that her political impotence alone checked her growing hostility to France ; and that she was constrained by real force and necessity to appear on the field, as it were, against herself. The subsequent events, as soon as the force and necessity ceased to operate, have completely verified my opinion of her, as elsewhere expressed : and happy should I feel, were the conduct of Austria such as to make me retract my former and present censure. The triumph of successful prophecy, which, by proving my severity to have been well founded, must exculpate me from undue prejudice against Austria, is but a poor consolation to me, who have looked forward with inexpressible anxiety to the deliverance of Europe : and whose only joy would consequently be, to see Austria, contrary to my expectations, exert herself on the side of justice, and finish the work so nobly commenced, and all

but done, by Russia. I dare not hope ; but I still wish to be deceived.

But it is time to dismiss Austria, and return to the Edinburgh Reviewers, just to say a few words before I conclude, on the spoliation of Poland, for years a standing dish with them, to which every body has been indiscriminately invited ; and which has provoked a keener appetite in many on this side of the ocean, by the additional seasoning of imagination.

A recurrence by their friend, Mr. Whitbread, to this old worn-out subject, and at this time, deters me not from approaching it in my turn ; and the only pause I make, is that of surprise and astonishment at the attempt to revive an infatuation similar to that which prevailed during the French revolution, and which made infants lisp “ liberty and equality,” while their parents were expiring on the bloody scaffold, victims to unexampled tyranny and despotism. Whatever error there was in the principle of partition, Russia, for her share, has made noble amends, by ameliorating the condition of that part of Poland which was allotted to her ; and her efforts have been rewarded by the conspicuous attachment of the Poles to her government. I think I hear the Edinburgh Reviewers spurn this assertion with a frown of pretended indignation, and denounce me as a dreamer in impossibilities ; but I do not fear their frowns, and repeat again, that the Poles, under the dominion of Russia, are preeminently attached to her government ; and the reasons are, *the lenity of its administration ; the same origin of extraction ; similarity of language and customs ; and the congeniality of religious principles.* These are no chimerical motives of attachment : they are, and always have been, the most powerful links in the union between one nation and another. Why should a thing so natural excite incredulity, when we see, with scarcely an emotion of surprise, the most unnatural union between some of the German states and Buonaparte ?

If certain individuals could for a moment forget their early impressions, produced by the canting language of sophisticated and self-interested philanthropy, such as

characterises the Edinburgh Reviewers ; if they would or could exchange their book-knowledge for one of experience and practical observation, by actually visiting Poland ; they would discover, not without keen self-reproach, that the sympathies, of which they are so prodigal, have been engaged, not in the cause of the Polish people, but in the cause of the Polish nobles, the most relentless tyrants, and the most capricious and numerous oppressors, that ever cursed a hapless nation. It was the reign of these ; it was their power of life and death over their miserable vassals, that were crushed under the Russian sceptre ; and the groans of this many-headed monster, expiring for want of victims to feed it, have been mistaken for the complaints of a people, who are all the while rejoicing at their deliverance, and are enjoying, what they never enjoyed before, the blessings of comparative liberty. A greater proof cannot be given of their contentment, than that Buonaparte, with all his intrigue, art, and power, never could excite them to rebellion ; and, with the exception of some of the nobles, all the soldiers he obtained in Poland, were from those provinces only, which, by his own invasion and temporary conquest, were placed at his mercy. I say again, I am not justifying the principle of partition ; but I am only stating the consequences, such as they are, and such as I can vouch for, from my personal knowledge ; and surely it is not to the disadvantage of my evidence, to say, that more than once I have passed through Poland with an eye and ear willing to catch and retain information. If any persons, however, are determined not to believe me, they cannot reject the corroborating testimony of Sir R. Wilson, a man of knowledge, an officer of distinction, and a gentleman, in every sense of the word ; who, besides his being free, as a stranger, from the supposed national prejudice of a Russian, had likewise the advantage of a personal intercourse with the Polish people. A rejection of an authority like this, would be an unequivocal confession that his promulgation of certain unpleasant truths about Buon-

aparte in Egypt,* or his vindication of the Russian character, from the malignant aspersions of Dr. Clarke, have subjected him to the wrath of the Edinburgh Reviewers ; and that for this reason alone, he is, like myself, to be proscribed. It would be a dishonourable, tyrannical, and outrageous demand, that every thing, even so just and right, should be considered as reversed, the moment it comes in opposition to the authorities of Dr. Clarke, and the Edinburgh Reviewers ; the former, as a publicly convicted calumniator of Russia, having no reputation for veracity to lose ; and the latter—who for political purposes, not generally understood here, have told things of Russia, not believed by themselves, and proved false in every instance—laughing at the blind zeal of their own votaries, that follow them, with the unconscious slavishness of a mob, ignorant of the design of a popular leader, yet shouting in his train, under the flattering delusion of independence.

* The manner in which this great doctor has attempted, upon his own negative authority, to do away Sir R. Wilson's accounts of Buonaparte's atrocities in Egypt ; and the eagerness with which this attempt was seconded by the friends of the Edinburgh Reviewers, is a most finished specimen of the new logick brought by these Reviewers into operation. The doctor was in Egypt, but forgot to inquire into the said atrocities ; and therefore heard nothing about them : *ergo*, these atrocities never existed ; and Sir R. Wilson is an impostor ! ! So that when Russia is to be justified, the authority of those who lived there (not travelled) or were born there, goes for nothing ; but when Buonaparte is to be defended, respect for the Edinburgh Reviewers, who back Dr. Clarke, alters the case so far, that a question unanswered, because it never was asked, must be conclusive against the fact solemnly stated ; and the positive testimony of a respectable sworn witness, who was on the spot when murder was committed, must be invalidated by the negative evidence of another who was at the time a thousand miles off, but chanced some years after to pass the spot, where, not choosing to investigate the affair, or not hearing the story from the self-volunteered ghost of the murdered, he *wisely* concluded, and forsooth must be believed, that no murder was committed ! †

From what has been stated in the preceding pages, in explanation of the factious motives and views of the Edinburgh Reviewers and their friends, no one can be at a loss, why they have uniformly endeavoured to fix the whole odium of the partition exclusively upon Russia, treating Austria and Prussia, who participated in the spoil, with comparative lenity ; or why, profiting by the event which excited every where so great a sensation, they have, in contradiction to themselves, held up, as highly dangerous, the Russian ambition, which, on other occasions, they have affected to despise. It is sufficient to observe, that the influence of Russia was inauspicious to their interests at home ; and, therefore, they resolved to make war upon her moral and political character, in which resolution they have ever persevered.* Unfortunately, their efforts were but too well seconded by the ferment which previously existed in the publick mind, and in such a degree, that Mr. Pitt himself, hurried away with the torrent, appeared in opposition to Russia, and by checking her progress in Turkey, unwittingly contributed to the raising of that stupendous fabrick of French grandeur, which he afterwards in vain laboured to demolish. Painful experience, though too late, has proved that he was mistaken in his calculations, and that Russia,—there being a necessity, as long as France exists, of a counteracting check to her aggrandizement,—is the only power (not Austria, as the Edinburgh Reviewers feigned) capable, with the moderate support of others, to give this beneficial check. She is also the most eligible for this purpose ; for, whatever her ambition or projects may be, it is certain, that lawless and wanton usurpation, for the mere pleasure or lust of conquest, is totally incompatible with her essential interests and pursuits. The increase

* On one occasion only they deviated from this resolution : it was when Mr. Pitt declared himself against Russia, and thus converted Mr. Fox into her temporary friend ; which plainly shows that all the actions of the dangerous faction to which the Edinburgh Reviewers have attached themselves, have no other object but to oppose the existing administration in order to get the government into their own hands,

of population, progress of commerce and civilization, promotion of agriculture, and every improvement relating to internal industry, all depending on the state of peace, have been her constant and undeviating aim ; consequently, a power, with so sacred an object in view, never can be destructive to her neighbours. Add to this, that she is in her natural state, and not excited, like France, to that feverish energy, which is and must be kept up by forced and artificial means, fatal to all who breathe within her atmosphere. The very circumstance of Russia's dividing her spoils with others, proves her far less dangerous than France, who, whenever she can, takes all ; while the improved condition of Russian Poland, though it shows the ambition of Russia, shows also the more lenient nature of that ambition, robbed of its terror by the good to which it aspires. It is clear, therefore, that whatever Dr. Clarke, or the Edinburgh Reviewers, have advanced to the contrary ; they themselves, if not influenced by opposite interests, would confess that Russia is the only continental power, whose moral and physical energies, with a view to the past, present, or future, entitle her to the hopes and confidence of Europe.

Here I pause—to take my leave—I hope, for ever,—of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and all their friends and distant followers, who love to put on the cumbersome armour of their masters, and strut their short hour, dealing their puny blows, rather to amuse, than to harm any one. If I have, in any degree, exposed the dangerous influence, and the pernicious tendency of that partial, unjust, and unsound political doctrine, which the critical junto have ever laboured to propagate—of that despotick and unnatural sway which they have usurped, and are exercising over the minds of certain persons here, well disposed in the main ; my object is obtained, in the absence of which I should never have thought it necessary to answer them, my answer being already furnished, as far as Russia is concerned, by the facts carved with her sword on the backs of her invaders. If I have, however, failed in the task I have imposed upon myself, either from my own inability, or the difficulty of shaking deep-rooted prejudice in others ; I

shall console myself with having made the first attempt of the kind in America, and leave the more successful prosecution of it to men of greater talents, some of whom doubtless must agree with me in my views and opinions of the Edinburgh Reviewers. I care not who the physician is, as long as there is a hope, ever so remote, of curing the disease.



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